

But we who understand Things better, ni yedT
 Will still keep close unto the Letter, lib yd orT
 And tho' our Words may squint larry dly on bnd
 Yet they shall know that we can spy lny dnoh yd
 Their Popish Plot with Half an Eye undent dT

Was fairly beat at by our Weapon.



But, dear bottom
 Of all our
 It is a Popish
 By Tor Jacobus begot
 Since their Religion won't afford
 That they should understand a word
 Of Scripture Language their Pretence is
 'Gainst us who speak in plain Sense
 And if they could demolish Turning
 To Tongues unknown we should be running.

But

A FULL and TRUE

ACCOUNT

Of an Horrid and Barbarous

ROBBERY,

Committed on *Epping-Forest*, upon the
Body of the *Cambridge Coach*.

In a Letter to *M. F. Esq;*

Arma Virumque Cano.



LONDON,

Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

MDCCXXVIII.

A TRUE and TRULY

ACCOUNT

Of an Horrid and Barbarous

ROBBERY

Committed on Spring-Field upon the
Body of the Cambridge Coach.

In a Letter to M. F. Eld;



Amis & Co.

LONDON

Printed: And sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane.

MDCCLXXIII



A

FULL and TRUE ACCOUNT
OF AN

Horrid and Barbarous ROBBERY, committed on *Epping-Forest*, upon the Body of the *Cambridge Coach*.

DEAR MARTIN FOLKES, dear Scholar,
D Brother, Friend;
And Words of like Importance without
End;

This comes to tell you, how in *Epping Hundred*,
Last *Wednesday* Morning I was robb'd and plunder'd.
Forgive the Muse, who sings what I suppose
Fame has already trumpett'd in Prose;
But *Fame's* a lying Jade: The turn of Fate
Let poor *Melpomene* herself relate:
Spare the sad Nymph a vacant Hour's Relief,
To rhyme away the Remnants of her Grief.

B

On

On *Tuesday* Night, you know with how much Sorrow
 I bid the Club farewell ----- I go To-morrow ----
 To-morrow came, and so accordingly
 Unto the place of Rendezvous went I.
Bull was the House, and *Bishopgate* the Street,
 The Coach as full as it could cram; to wit,
 Two Fellow-Commoners *De Aula Trin.*
 And eke an honest Bricklayer of *Lynn*,
 And eke two *Norfolk* Dames, his Wife and Cousin,
 And eke my Worship's self made half a dozen.

Now then, as Fortune had contriv'd, our Way
 Thro' the wild Brakes of *Epping-Forest* lay:
 With Travellers and Trunks a hugeous Load,
 We hagg'd along the solitary Road;
 Where nought but Thickets within Thickets grew,
 No House nor Barn to chear the wand'ring View;
 Nor lab'ring Hind, nor Shepherd did appear,
 Nor Sportsman with his Dog or Gun was there;
 A dreary Landscape, bushy and forlorn,
 Where Rogues start up like Mushrooms in a Morn.

However, since we, none of us, had yet
 Such Rogues, but in a Sessions Paper, met,

We

We jok'd on Fear; tho' as we past along,
 Robbing was still the Burden of the Song.
 With untry'd Courage bravely we repell'd,
 The rude Attacks of Dogs --- not yet beheld.
 With val'rous Talk still battling, 'till at last
 We thought all Danger was as good as past.
 Says one, too soon alas! now let him come,
 Full at his Head I'll fling this Bottle of Rum.

Scarce had he spoken, when the Brickman's Wife
 Cry'd out, Good Lord! he's here, upon my Life.
 Forth from behind the Wheels the Villain came;
 And swore such Words as I dare hardly name;
 But you'll suppose them, Brother, not to drop
 From me, but him; G----d D----n ye Coachman, stop.
 Your Money, Z---ds, deliver me your Money,
 Quick, D----n ye, quick; must I stay waiting on ye?
 Quick, or I'll fend ---- (and nearer still he rode)
 A Brace of Balls amongst ye all, by -----

I leave you, Sir, to judge your self what Plight
 We all were put in, by this cursed Wight.
 The trembling Females into Labour fell;
 Big with the sudden Fear, *they Pout, they Swell;*
 And

And soon deliver'd by his horrid Curfes,
 Brought forth two Strange and Præternatural Purfes:
 That look'd indeed like Purfes made of Leather;
 But let the sweet-tongu'd * * * fay whether
 A common Purse could poffibly conceal
 Shillings, Half-crowns, and Half-pence by piece-meal.

The Youth who flung the Bottle at the Knave
 Before he came, now thought it best to wave
 Such Refolution, and preserve the Liquor,
 Since a round Guinea might be thrown much quicker;
 So with impetuous Haste he flung him that,
 Which the sharp Rascal parried with his Hat.
 His right-hand Man, a Brother of our Quill,
 Prudently chofe to fhew his own good Will
 By the fame Token, and without much Scruple
 Made the Red-rugg'd Collector's Income duple.

My Heart ----- for Truth I always muft confefs ----
 Did fink --- *an Inch exactly* --- *more or lefs*.
 With both my Eyes I view'd the Thief's Approach;
 And read the Cafe of --- Pistol *versus* Coach.
 A woful Cafe which I had oft heard quoted;
 But ne'er before in all my Practice noted.

So when the Lawyers brought in their Report,
 Guinea *per* Christian to be paid in Court:
 Well off, thinks I, with this same Son of a Whore;
 If he prefers his Action for no more.

No more! why hang him, is not that too much,
 To pay a Guinea for his vile *High-Dutch*?
 'Tis true, he has us here upon the hank,
 With Action strong; and swears to it point blank:
 Yet why resign the yellow One Pound One?
 No, tax his Bill; and give him Silver, *John*.
 So said, so done, and putting Fist to Fob
 I flung th' apparent value of the Job,
 An Ounce of Silver into his Receiver,
 And mark'd the Issue of the Rogue's Behaviour.

He like a thankless Wretch that's overpaid,
 Resents, forsooth, th' Affront upon his Trade;
 And treats my Kindness with a --- this won't do,
 Look ye here, Sir, I must ha' Gold from you.
 To this Demand of the ungrateful Cur,
 Defendant *John* thought proper to demurr.
 The Bricklayer joyning in the White Opinion,
 Tender'd five Shillings to *Diana's* Minion;

Who still kept threatening to pervade his Buff,
Because the Payment was not prompt enough.

Before the Women with their Purfes each
Had Strength to place Contents within his reach,
One of his Pieces falling downwards, drew
The Rogue's Attention hungrily thereto.
Straight he began to damn the Charioteer,
Come down ye Dog, reach me that Guinea there.
Down jumps th' affrighted Coachman on the Sand,
Picks up the Gold, and puts it in his Hand:
Missing a rare Occasion, tim'rous Dastard,
To seize his Pistol, and dismount the Bastard.

Now while in deep and serious Ponderment
I watch'd the Motions of his next Intent,
He wheel'd about, as one full bent to try,
The Matter in Dispute 'twixt him and I;
And how my Silver Sentiments would hold,
Against that hard Dilemma, Balls or Gold.
No Help! said I, No Tachygraphic Pow'r,
To interpose in this unequal Hour!
I doubt --- I must resign --- there's no defending
The Cause against that murderous Fire-Engine.

When

When lo! descending to her Champion's Aid
 The Goddess **SHORT-HAND**, bright Celestial Maid,
 Clad in a letter'd Vest of silver Hue,
 Wrought by her fav'rite **PHEBE**'s Plaid, she flew.
 Th' unfolded Surface fell exactly neat,
 In just Proportions o'er her Shape compleat;
 Distinct with Lines of purer flaming White,
 Transparent Work, Intelligibly bright;
 Form'd to give Pleasure to th' ingenuous Mind,
 But puzzle and confound the stupid Hind.

Soon as the Wretch the Sacred Writing spy'd,
 What Conjur'd-Sight is this, he cry'd!
 My Eyes mean-while the Heav'nly Vision clear'd,
 It shew'd how all his hellish Look appear'd.
 (Heav'n shield all Travellers from foul Disgrace,
 As I saw *Tyburn* in the Ruffian's Face;
 And if aright I judge of human Mien,
 His Face ere long in *Tyburn* will be seen.)
 The Hostile Blaze soon seiz'd his miscreant Blood,
 He star'd -- turn'd short -- and fled into the Wood.

Danger dismiss; the gentle Goddess smil'd,
 Like a fond Parent o'er her fearful Child;

And

And thus began to drive the dire Surprise
 Forth from my anxious Breast, in jocund wise.
 My Son, said she, this Fellow is no *Weston*,
 No Adversary, Child, to make a Jest on.
 With Ink Sulphureous, upon Human Skin
 He writes, indenting horrid Marks therein;
 But --- thou hast read his Fate --- the halter'd Slave
 Shall quickly sing his Penitential Stave.

Pursue thy Rout; but when thou tak'st another,
 Bestride some generous Quadruped or other.
 Let this enchanted Vehicle confine,
 From this Time forth, no Votaries of mine:
 Let me no more see honest Short-hand Men
 Coop'd up in Wood, like Poultry in a Pen.
 And at *Trin Coll.* when e'er thou art enlarging
 On *Epping-Forest*, note this in the Margin:
 " Let *Cambridge* Scholars that are not quite bare,
 " Shun the dishonest Track, and ride thro' *Ware*.

Adieu! my Son --- resume thy wonted Jokes;
 And write Account hereof to *Martin Folkes*.
 This said, she mounts --- The Characters divine
 Thro' the bright Path immensely brilliant shine.

Now safe arriv'd ---- first for my Boots I wrote ----
 I tell the Story ---- and subjoyn the Note ----
 And lastly, to fulfill the dread Commands,
 These hasty Lines presume to kiss your Hands.
 Excuse the tedious Tale of a Disaster,

I am

Your Humble Servant

and

GRAND MASTER.

F I N I S.